

Concord 1,
27 August, '3.

My dear Bartol,

It is very
kind in you & Mrs
Bartol still to hold
your doors open to
a spinner apparently
so ungrateful. But
you are to know that since
I found out how old I am,
I have insisted on all the
privileges of my antiquity,
& go nowhere. I have
tortured the hospitality of my

daughter Edith & her hus-
band all summer by being
utterly unable to find a
day when I could go to
Massachusetts, much less to find
the month or the week I was
to spend with them. And this
& many other social duties
defied because almost a
whole year whose duties
of work had been all
appointed is lost to them,
& I have now been beginning
only beginning to repair
them - in vain. But
I will not pester you
with that story. - My
wife sends to you & to
Mrs Bartol her love &
thanks, I would gladly
come to you, but she is

too much an invalid
this year to leave home
at all, though she has
once gone to Boston for
a few hours. So you
must pity & forgive

Yours affectionately

R.W. Emerson

Rev. Mr Bartol.